



The praise of beauty, through her veins which blue
be Conducted through love's sluice, to thy face
rosy, Where doves and redbreasts sit for VENUS'
rights. In sign that I to Thee, will ever true be ;
The rose and lilies shall adorn my posy! The
violets and hyacinths shall knit With daffodil,
which shall embellish it ! Such heavenly flowers,
in earthly posies few be !

ELEGY I I .



THAT, some time, thou saw mine endless
fits; When I have somewhat of thy beauty
pondered ! Thou could not be persuaded
that my wits Could once retire so far
from Sense asundered ¹Furies, themselves, have
at my Passions wondered ' Yet thou,
PARTHENOPHE ! well pleased, sits, Whilst in me,
so thy moisture's heat hath thundeied, And
thine eyes' darts, at every Colon, hits My soul
with double pricks, which mine heart splits:
Whose fainting breath, with sighing Commas
broken, Draws on the sentence of my death, by
pauses ; Ever prolonging out mine endless
clauses With " Ifs " Parenthesis, yet find no
token When with my grief, I should stand even